

FISH CARRIES ITS OWN SAIL.

Hoists or Lowers It at Will and Navigates Shallow South Pacific Waters.

Few marine animals seem at first glance to betray less intelligence than the jellyfish. Up with the tide and down with the tide, carried along by this or that current, moving with the eddy of a backwater hither and thither, the jellyfish has become almost a synonym for helplessness.

Scientifically, of course, the popular idea of the jellyfish is wholly mistaken; but it is perhaps only in tropical waters that he is found in the perfection of intelligence. In the South Pacific, around the islands of Polynesia, and as far south as the upper portion of the North Island of New Zealand there is a jellyfish who not only knows where he wants to go but is even provided with a sail which he can and does hoist or lower at will. The sail, like the rest of this curious animal, is almost transparent, but unlike the body of the fish, which is of the usual gelatinous construction, the sail is a membrane almost as hard as shell.

Roundabout the Ellice group the navigating fish is often found with a sail measuring five inches across, and he navigates the shallow island waters with the skill of a Hooghly pilot, steering in and out of snaggy places and avoiding obstructions both above and below the surface with unerring skill. Like his cousins in home waters this navigating jellyfish has the power of stinging its natural enemies, and its sting is fatal to fish and dangerous to man.

Proof of Japanese Enthusiasm.

The spectators at wrestling matches in Japan pelt the winner with their hats. This is a custom, with the Japanese for showing their appreciation of the skill of the winner. The hats are gathered up by the attendants and handed to the champion.

Eventually the owners come forward and redeem their hats with presents of various kinds. The custom in question is, it is explained, due to a recognition of the fact that enthusiasm is likely to cool down shortly after the event which excited it passed. So to prove the genuineness of his admiration the Jap gives his hat as a pledge, to be redeemed in his cool moments.

Washington's Vegetable Treasure.

One of the vegetable treasures of the National Botanic garden at Washington is a vine that is ancestor to millions of its kind in the United States. It is the ampelopsis viticifolia, an English immigrant, brought to this country in 1854 by William R. Smith, superintendent of the garden. Thus, this man is foster father to a vine that climbs and clasps countless walls—the most general city vine in the United States.

At the time of its importation by Mr. Smith, a Bostonian also brought over some seeds or cuttings of the vine, and so many descendants of the Boston vine are flourishing that the plant is sometimes called Boston Ivy. —Sunday Magazine.

Cigarette Makers Lose Jobs.

Many workmen are planning to leave the island of Samos, 43 miles southwest from Smyrna, because of the introduction of machines for cigarette production, which permits a daily output of 100,000 cigarettes. The exports in cigarettes from Samos island amount to 50,000,000. England, Germany, India and the Transvaal being large buyers. The wages average 35 cents for every thousand cigarettes rolled. Wine is also a great source of wealth there. Consul General Harris of Smyrna points out that Samos is a vassal of Turkey and pays a nominal annual tribute, which the sultan gives back to the people of the island to build and repair the much-needed roads.

Seagulls of Auchmithle.

In the fishing village of Auchmithle you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some three and a half miles from the former place.

The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.

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Prongs Down.

The latest wrinkle in table etiquette concerns forks. It has been the custom when putting the fork down on the plate to turn the prongs up. They must now be turned down. Mme. Grundy's decree suggests that of our childhood's Simon:

"Simon says, 'Thumbs up.'"

Simon says, "Thumbs down."

Just now Mme. Grundy says: "Forks, prongs down," and unless you obey you are not up to date.

Seeing and Believing.

"What must you do in order to become a psychic researcher?"

"I don't know exactly," answered the hard-headed person. "But as near as I can make out the requirements, you must be able to believe every thing you see and also to see every thing you may feel like believing."

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Made a Hit.

Miss Sue Brette—And you say he took aim and threw an egg at you? Foote Lights—He did.

"Was it bad?"

"The egg was, but the aim was not." —Yonkers Statesman.

Quarrel in the Woods.

"You're lots more of a coward than I am," declared the squirrel. "Maybe, but I'm not nearly so much of a tail-bearer," answered the rabbit, wiggling its nose insultingly.

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